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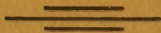
AN INTERPRETATION

OF

OMAR KHAYYAM

BY

MRS. EMMA HUGHES



*This booklet is lovingly dedicated to my son
Edwin Hughes*

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AN INTERPRETATION OF OMAR KHYYAUM.

BY EMMA HUGHES.

- 1 Ah! The crowd must have emphatic warrant,
Nor heed they all the words expressed
The mystic beauty of the soul
Will lend enchantment tho suppressed.
- 2 The wayward heeding not the spoil,
Have ever sought to undo truth;
Some minds on lofty wings have flown
To unlock many hearts forsooth.
- 3 So limited are the minds of men,
They neither see nor think alone;
Their worldly objects they obey.
To drift along with hearts of stone.
- 4 Look deep within the tangled web,
Things of mystery you will find;
Unearth the beauty in your life,
And scan the depth you leave behind.
- 5 Tolerant of all opinions here,
Our faith too strong to ever clash,
Against all foes will stand aside,
And rid our thoughts of worldly trash.

- 6 Fresh intercourse, new birth to gain,
The poet, writer, dwells in song,
Or in the hall of mystic fame,
The laurel crowns to him belong.
- 7 To feel inspired when love divine
Controls us with an inward peace,
Why can't this great majestic spell
Go on within, hearts conflicts cease.
- 8 The subtle bonds of sympathy,
Our Great Fitzgerald comprehends,
In Omar Khayyam he delights,
And finds a truth which he defends.
- 9 Correct conduct he tries to shew,
In every phase of life he gives
The wine, the red wine, glorious wine,
The grapes, when faultless, they do live.
- 10 Command, compel to leave alone
All that distresses human mind,
You need not falter if you still
Hold on to greatness, this we find.
- 11 Each one must live his life alone,
And while in solitude he hears
The voice of one who conquers still
The many things which may appear.

- 12 Vibrate with music, let its strain
Compel, enchant thy longing heart,
Grasp for ever thoughts sublime,
To follow on and do thy part.
- 13 No story ere could life unfold
Until love quenched the thirsty soul,
To feel more life and then to hold
Still steadfast to the one great whole.
- 14 The lion with his strength of will
Can chain us down and conquer still,
The birth of greater light reveals
O'ershadows us, and seeks to fill.
- 15 We know and feel that life will yield
To many sorrows, then will rise
Above the lower, where it not fear
T'would shelter us from all unwise.
- 16 To make the most of sad despair,
How can we conquer or complete,
Our task is love to be fulfilled
Ere we can reach His mercy seat.
- 17 We find the sages have discussed
The many problems we yet find,
Wisdom alone has been their trust,
Their thoughts of love and joy combined.

- 18 Determined now that time and strength
Shall not be wasted as of yore,
We'll plant a vineyard where the grapes
Will grow from age to age so sure.
- 19 No change of fashion can dethrone
So sacred, and so wise, His love,
Fixed is His method night and day
But sealed in mystery things above.
- 20 That all the world would science search,
And thro it help the wandering one,
We who seek the Higher goal,
Shall fathom more to reach the sun.
- 21 The fire of spring is hastening on,
The winter garment gone and fled,
To other climes their seasons come,
When leaves of life are falling dead.
- 22 Some for the glories of this world,
In pleasure bent are seeking more
The rumble of a distant drum,
Has not been heard so long before.
- 23 This hope of worldly thought we feel,
The bitter pang will come some day,
Ah! many a tear and many a frown
Will scatter love that once was clay.

- 24 The wine of life, the fruitful grape,
Yields not to vain deceit or fraud,
But grows along with good desires,
The empty vessel will retard.
- 25 And much as wine as played deceit,
And robbed us of an inward growth,
We should be far from life complete,
Unless self mastery we put forth.
- 26 No clay can solve this mystery,
It is for us to know and prove,
That all of life, the grape will be
So full of life's sweet nectar, love.
- 27 Sometimes a hair divides the false and true
Is it not for greater will to do
Much of the false we may be living thro,
Yet claim we now no motive to renew.
- 28 The song of Omar Khyyaum brings to light
And gives to many his vision of delight,
In truth we vary sometimes listless when
We are prone to dictate and to search for right.
- 29 The juice of grapes as symbol free,
How can it claim a strength so free,
A blessing in disguise to use,
But what a curse, sometimes may be.

- 30 There the vile and subtle tempter comes,
To pierce a soul whose longing heart would see
A greater help to all in sore distress,
To make of life, one great humanity.
- 31 He bids thee taste of it, so rich and fine,
The drink we call "The red, red wine,"
No bitter draught can well bestow
The human heart, He does define.
- 32 Sweet fragrance from a cup so full
Of wisdom we would learn at will,
To overcome that would mislead
And so encourage others still.
- 33 The search for light begins to find
When crippled by an error made,
In hearts of stone still is this foe,
The penalty their lives have paid.
- 34 We in ourselves must purify
The thought our will must wisdom find,
Shall we not to our thoughts give words,
That soul to soul shall blend in kind.
- 35 To make more plain to those who doubt
The heart of one who was despised,
No fear, but courage, steadfast growth,
Can e'er become a child so wise.

- 36 Just common drink, the juice of grape,
Its symbol free to all mankind,
Some gladness to the heart would take,
Yet souls of men, it could not bind.
- 37 An Easter symbol such joy doth bring,
Its very song so bright with praise,
Distinction where breadth, and depth, can sting,
Our mortal hearts, to thee we raise.
- 38 When shall we gather such grapes for wine,
Enchanted life, of love divine,
For life is hope, is gain not strife,
With leaves and branches, that entwine.
- 39 We are no other than passing forms
Illumined with the sun of light,
In space, in air we travel domes,
So late emerged from darkest night.
- 40 Ah love! Could you and I with him compare,
The many sorry schemes betray,
And yet have held our hearts desire,
So shattered love, with lives of clay.
- 41 Take time, take time, then would we ask,
For each seems greater than the dower,
So worthless in common hands today,
We recognize each poet's power.

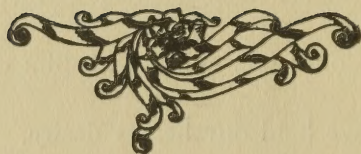
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42 Obscure to many this Persian Poet yields
 His wine, the red, red wine flows through
 In many ways, expression often fills
 And brings to memory "the good and true."

43 Oh! build thy tent, the tent of love,
 On wheels of mercy let it glide,
 And in the building it will prove,
 True joy the wine of love confide.

MRS. EMMA HUGHES,

255 N Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C



MESSAGES OF TRUTH. By Emma Hughes. Contain many noble and beautiful thoughts which are constantly proving extremely helpful to many who are eagerly searching for light amid the darkness of doubt which encircles them.

Mrs. Hughes is an uncompromising optimist and her verses fully breathe forth the spirit of her faith. Every line is intended to brace the reader to take a cheery view of dark surroundings or to go forward along the road of life resolved to see the silver side of even the gloomiest clouds. The poems are written in all sorts of metres and display the versatile mind of their author alike in style and matter. Some expressions are quaint and curious, others are sublime, but whatever the method of expression there is always a great thought behind the language and one which unveils itself more and more distinctly as one commits the verses to memory and repeats them over mentally so as to delve beneath their surface to revel in the underlying spirit. Mrs. Hughes will surely accomplish much helpful work by sending out these inspiring effusions among the many to whom life appears dark and dreary and who need the sunlight of pure optimism to dispel their doubts and strengthen their confidence in the goodness which inheres in all experiences.

W. J. COLVILLE.

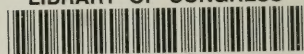
GEMS OF THOUGHT. By Emma Hughes. Cochrane Pub. Co., Tribune Bldg., New York. Paper, 35 cents.

This is a charming little book of poems, real poetic gems, coming from the very heart of an earnest woman who delights in giving spontaneous expression to the many noble thoughts which flood her mind. There are 27 poems in this collection, each well worth memorizing, and adapted for recitation on many occasions. Mrs. Hughes has the happy faculty of expressing thought clearly; there are no involved sentences and no straining after effect. Beautiful simplicity and transparent sincerity, coupled with a fervent desire to be of real help to climbers on the upward way is the spirit breathing through all these delightful verses.

W. J. COLVILLE.

July, 1910.

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